Rome. May 26th 1829

My dear Tom,

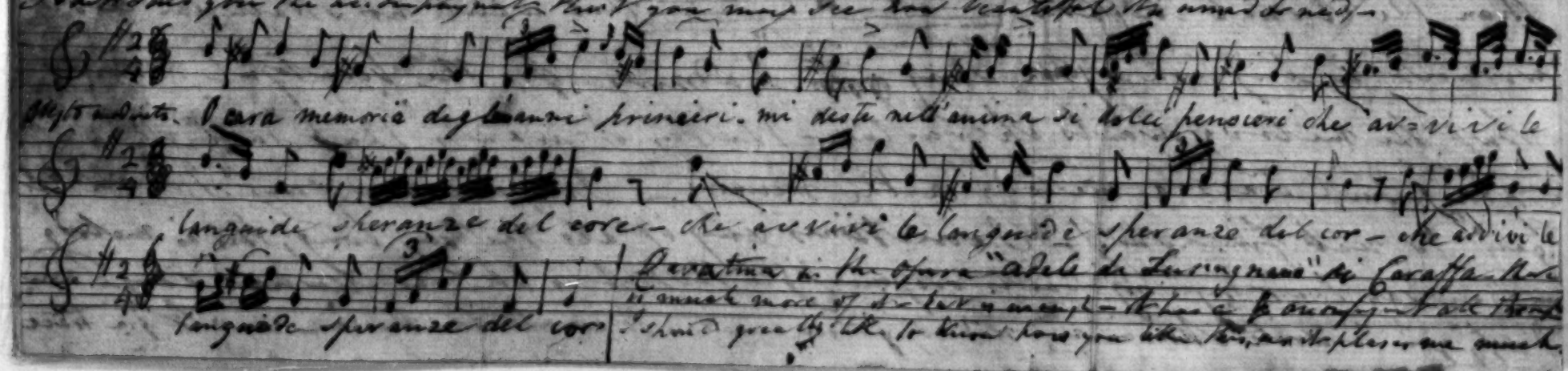
(22 Nicolo de Marronite)

Your letter gives me great pleasure as I hear it from any one home, than any other place that is dear to me. It is strange me near indeed that you are a father. I congratulate you. But at the same time should like to know what age your daughter may be. Your letter is dated 31st Dec. and you tell of your marriage just a twelvemonth after it took place, so I set a little all the dates of information. How do I have. Your daughter may be a fine young woman. Now mind and be clear in these points. and give me data, if you trouble yourself about such things. But I have no doubt that the dear & charming Mrs T. Sedum has written down in the family bible, her own age & time & month. I have and read it too. — Well I envy you all these pleasures, and were I of a jealous nature I would likewise marry. But I am more & more convinced that I am better a bear, as I am such an odd creature. Your dear Anna would chide me for saying all this, and would recommend me a wife to set me right in my notions. But it won't do. I've thought much of it. I have seen two very dear & beautiful Ladies and have been in love too. But somehow or other I am so full of several thoughts that I think I should be unfit to be married to any Lady at my life. I am very happy. I have every thing an artist can wish for. I love all. My Hogarth castle building disposition is realized. I longed for fame and notice. I never saw a great house or personage, without wishing wishes, even when I was a boy, and as

one, we've got an account of the sacred subject.— for there is no other that they perform in public— the Beecham society may do their other oratorios— but it is for their own pleasure.— after all the chief test of Music must be if it pleases us, and remains in our memories— Do you mean today that Rossini's Music can have so enchanted all the world, (even England the most prejudiced country in it) and be without beauty or taste to recommend it.— I defy you to find any work, that has spread all over the world, without something great in it to recommend it.— For this reason I sent to my friend Westmacott in England for Weber's Overtures because I had heard it gave me one pleasure— now I find the reason— it is a new style of Music, a combination of Mozart & Rossini, it imitates the melody of Rossini & Mozart harmony, but without the extremes of the one or the other— I don't that Weber was a man of beautiful taste, rather than great genius— The Laughing Chorus is very like Rossini— I could mistake it for him— The Huntsmans Chorus, is as beautiful as the incantation in "Semiramide"— have you heard this? I dare say not— you certainly know little of Rossini— but however I will get you lots of scores, which may be picked up cheap.— You complain of my [music] is it not better than the extract he did [music] that what no stress can and without a single [illegible] "Woman's sigh" song I admire for the beautiful harmony but the melody wants character that is it wants that "call it what you will" which fixes a melody on the memory.— In your next you say "I shall be very" "so glad to see me"— I sometimes sing it all the day long, this is melody— you say that my song wants originality— But it is like the Mermaid song— can I defy you to write Music and not copy those much— It cannot be Music— cannot you trace

"ah perdona" though Goethe & yet Mozart D.d not care for it— In my painting I frequently find a head turned like some other picture, but is this a reason that I must alter it, and so ruin the whole composition, which may be as unlike the other as possible, this would be Madness— I hear Rossini charged with copying— nothing can be more absurd— If he had copied a great deal from Mozart, he'd been a greater Plagiarian.— Do you mean to say that my dog is like the "Mermaid" as a whole? Nothing can be more untrue.— You may as well say that Father's house in Marsa Scirocco is like Peraldi's in Gosworth St because they have both Doors & Windows, and the bricks are the same shape— take away the same and it is no longer a house—

Ah non giunge a dolce melody by an Italian who is sure to charm it delights you, it is full of soul and you hear every note Now you may see how beautiful this music is—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